

The Arizona's final voyage

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-03-06 03:54:01

Updated: 2007-11-17 07:26:16

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:11:25

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 3,445

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A UNSC destroyer stumbles onto a Covenant operation and is now fighting for their lives. But an unexpected ally appears. Please read and review. Ch 4 is up! And about damn time too...

1. Chapter 1

UNSC destroyer **_Arizona**_

December 7, 2550

Edge of UNSC controlled space

"Another contact has just entered space!"

"Get a firing solution and fire when ready."

"MAC guns chargedâ€¦firing MAC guns!"

Four white hot MAC slugs streaked through space at the doomed Covenant cruiser. They impacted the alien ship at the bow. The rounds gutted the ship and caused secondary along its smooth surface.

Captain Denarius Phenix looked out at the battle. Four heavy armed and armored Covenant ships against one lone UNSC destroyer, he had had worse oddsâ€¦and nearly died too. He had an artificial leg to remind him of his near death experience.

"Enemy ship destroyed sir." Called Lieutenant Johnston, the ship's radar officer.

"Plasma torpedoes inbound at new vector!" Johnston yelled.

"Fire emergency thrusters on my mark," said Captain Phenix coolly.

He was referring to the thrusters that were placed in strategic points around the Arizona's hull. They contained two highly volatile chemicals that, when mixed, caused a tremendous explosion and blew the ship onto a new course.

"Mark!" he yelled and braced against the railing.

The entire ship lurched to the side and the twin plasma torpedoes streaked past the Arizona and hit another Covenant ship. The torpedoes plowed through the ship's shields and exploded in the center of the ship causing it to split in half.

Well at least I only have two ships to deal with, Phenix thought to himself.

He turned to Lieutenant Rodriguez, "Get me a firing solution on the ship that just fired on us, only fire two MAC rounds, leave the other two in reserve."

"Aye Aye sir," replied the weapons officer.

"Deploy a Shiva too, lets give these sons of bitches something to remember us by." Phenix said with a wicked grin on his face.

Rodriguez smiled, "Done."

"Firing solution online sir, waiting for your orders." The weapons officer said.

Phenix made some mental calculations and then wrote a set of coordinates down.

"Deploy the Shiva at these coordinates then fire the MAC rounds."

"Deploying Shiva, firing MAC cannonsâ€| MAC rounds away sir, impact in three seconds."

The two rounds struck the Covenant destroyer on the nose. The shields shimmered white, but held. The two remaining Covenant ships turned on the Autumn.

"That's right you bastards, come and get us." Phenix said quietly to himself.

The two ships' plasma turrets started glowing a fierce red.

"Detonate the Shiva now!" Phenix yelled at Rodriguez.

"Shiva detonation in threeâ€|twoâ€|oneâ€|mark!"

A brilliant white light engulfed the two Covenant ships. The monitors on the Arizona blinked out.

"Get back up power online now." Phenix ordered.

The monitors flashed back on and showed one ship completely destroyed, and the other turning sluggishly towards them.

"Fire the remaining two MAC rounds, send them to hell son." He ordered Rodriguez.

"Aye sir."

The two heavy rounds tore threw what was left of the ship. It's hull twisted and bent and slowly tore apart. Phenix let out a sigh of relief, amazingly enough, they had won this fight.

Johnston stood up, "Sir, may I say that that was some of the best moves I have ever seen."

Phenix smiled, "Thank you son, nice to know that you guys appreciate my work."

The crew on the bridge started applauding and Phenix sat down. He was exhausted and was looking forward to getting back to Earth.

"Lieutenant Stanford, what's the status of our Slipspace engines?"

"They're operational sir, but it will be a minute before I can get them charged up." Replied the navigations officer.

"Good; Johnston, plot a randomized vector and get us the hell out of here."

"Aye aye sir." Johnston typed in a set of coordinates and checked to make sure that they complied with the Cole Protocol.

"Coordinates ready sir," he announced.

"Stanford?"

"Engines are green sir."

"Then lets get out of here."

Streaks of light appeared around the ship as it punched its way into Slipspace.

**UNCS destroyer **_*Arizona*_

December 10, 2550

Uncharted planet

"All hands battle stations, all hands battle stations! This is not a drill, I repeat, this is not a drill. Lets move it people, we have a combat situation on our hands."

"Johnston where the hell did they come from?" Phenix demanded.

"They were here before we got here sir. I think we stumbled onto one of their operations." Came the reply.

"Damn, how long before they notice us?" he asked.

Just then, a streak of plasma blazed past the ship.

"Umm, I think they noticed us sir." Came the reply.

"Ok boys and girls, lets get ready for round two. Arm the MAC cannons and hold on to your hats."

Author's notes: As you may have figured out, this is not the sequel to my first fic. I might do a sequel but I might not. I'm kind of bad at making characters so I need somebody to help me out with that kind of stuff. Anyway, read and review so I can know how bad this sucks.

2. Chapter 2

UNSC destroyer _Arizona_

December 10, 2550

Uncharted Planet

An explosion resounded through the ship.

"Damage report!" Phenix ordered immediately.

"Decks G-K have been breached, sealing pressure doors, the hull in those areas are at 24 integrity." Came the report.

"Stanford, get us closer to that planet, I don't want anything sneaking up on us."

"Roger that." The navigations officer replied in a voice devoid of fear.

"What's our weapons status?" he asked.

"Sir, two guns have been damaged beyond repair. The 1st and 4th guns are still operational. We have expended 59 of our Archer pods and we still have 3 Shiva warheads."

"What about our Slipspace engines?" he already knew the answer.

"Sir, Slipspace drives were destroyed in the initial assault as soon as we came in." Stanford answered in a quiet tone. The bridge crew suddenly stopped and looked at the captain.

Phenix thought of his options. He had either expended or last over half of his firepower, he couldn't jump, and he sure as hell wasn't about to die here, that left one option. Land. He had no other choice; he stood a better chance fighting the Covenant on the ground than up here in space with the odds against him 15 to 1.

"New contacts and lots of 'em sir!" yelled the radar officer.

Phenix snapped his neck around and faced Johnston. "More Covenant?"

"Unknown classification sir," he said.

"Put them on screen." He ordered.

The cameras showed a picture of dozens of ships. The hulls of the ships were a smooth metallic blue. They looked vaguely like Covenant ships, but different at the same time. Phenix prayed they weren't.

"Enemy ships have turned on the new vessels." Johnston said in awe.

Phenix watched the battle unfold. The Covenant fired bolts of plasma at the newcomers; but the plasma just dissipated on the other ships' shields.

"Unidentified vessels returning fire sir." Johnston reported quietly.

The undersides of the ships glowed a bright white, then fired thick silver streams of light at the Covenant ships. One Covenant ship that got too close was completely disintegrated. The beams sliced through other ships with ease. Apparently the Covenant's shields were no match for these new ships.

"Orders sir?" Johnston asked.

"Hail the new ships, see if their friendly or not." He ordered the Lieutenant Jackson.

Jackson tapped away at the keyboard then rubbed his bald head, a habit he did when he was nervous.

"Hailing now sir." The Lieutenant was sweating.

"Good," he turned to Rodriguez, "Rodriguez, Get our MAC cannons warmed up in case we have to fight our way out of this."

"Warming MAC cannons aye sir," came the report, "MAC cannons are at 60 and climbing."

"Sir, lead ship is answering the hail, translation software is active."

Phenix looked out the viewport to look at the ships, "pipe it through the speakers if you will Lieutenant."

A low resonating voice boomed through the bridge speakers. "This is the leader of the Fleet of Righteous Truth, who are you?"

"This is Captain Denarius Phenix of the UNSC destroyer Arizona." He replied in an official tone.

"What purpose have you of coming here Captain Denarius Phenix?" the

leader asked.

"My crew and I were ambushed by the Covenant and were forced to jump here to escape them, it would appear that we accidentally found this place."

There was a pause, "If what you say is true, then it would appear that we share a common enemy."

"So I've noticed, is there any way for us to find a place to repair our ship?" Phenix asked.

"I am unsure if our technology is the same of yours, but, seeing as this is our home world, we will allow you to dock."

"That will be much appreciated Fleet Leader." Phenix made up an official sounding title and hoped he was close.

Unbeknownst to both the Fleet Leader and Phenix, a Covenant cruiser was outfitted with an experimental cloaking shield. It had worked perfectly, and Ship Master 'Oso Elnomee thanked the Prophets for his luck.

He ordered the enemy human ship targeted, he destroy the human ship, jump back to the nearest Covenant repair yard, and gather reinforcements.

"Target the human's engines, I want them dead in space so I can finish them off."

"Of course Ship Master." Was the reply.

The Covenant ship Invisible Fury edged toward its victim, and charged its plasma turrets.

"Sir! Enemy weapons at our six o' clock!"

"Engage emergency thrusters on my mark,"

"Enemy plasma fired!"

"Mark!"

The thrusters exploded and the Arizona jumped onto a new course but it was two slow. Plasma impacted the engines and caused a series of secondary explosions in the reactor.

"What is happening Phenix?" asked the Fleet Leader.

"Sir, we've been engaged by Covenant forces, my ship is done for, I'm gonna try and crash land on your planet, is there a place that isn't populated?"

"I will send you a set of coordinates, if you are able, land here."

"Thank you Fleet Master, I hope to see you soon."

Phenix sent the coordinates to his navigation officer.

"Put the ship on automatic pilot and lets get the hell out of here."

A series of ragged aye aye's chorused across the bridge. Emergency beacons pulsed red throughout the ship. The ship was in a frenzy. Marines and Naval personnel went to their emergency pods but the ODST's stationed on the ship went in their own unique way.

They went in their pods and landed in a rough three mile area. It would take a while for the UNSC forces to regroup but, for better or for worse, the UNSC had made landfall on the home planet of some newfound allies.

Author's notes: sorry for the long wait guys and ladies, but I had some major testing this week at school soâ€¦ yeah. Anyway ill try and get some more chapters out here in the next few days. Also thanks to Octane, Tony, and HeatWave for the reviews.

3. Chapter 3

Private First Class Romero Jacobs

December 10, 2550

Escape Pod 27-C en route to Planet

"Hang on everybody, we're outta here!"

Jacobs felt the pod eject from the Arizona. Jacobs joined the UNSC at the beginning of the Human/Covenant war. He excelled in boot camp and was his squads best shot. They called him "Snipes." The reasoning of his nickname was his S2-AM variant of the SRS99C that was strapped down at his feet. It was equipped with an Oracle scope and the stock had "Doc Holliday" marked on it.

Of his squad, he was the quietest, and the deadliest. No one knew anything about his past, where he came from, where he had fought, or the reason why he was so well acquainted with the Arizona when he first came aboard. Hell, they didn't even know his first name; everybody either called him Snipes, or Jacobs.

"Hey Jacobs, why you so quiet?" joked Private First Class Leonard Simms.

Jacobs just looked at him in his usual, unblinking stare.

"Leave 'em alone Simms," said Private Tucker, "Or you'll be the unfortunate result of friendly fire."

Jacobs nodded a thanks toward Tucker, who gave a toothy grin in return.

"Relax Tucker, I was only messin around." Simms mumbled.

"You keep messin around and my boot's gonna mess around and find your

ass!" Tucker said with a smile.

Jacobs grinned, which was a rare occurrence for him. Tucker was the squads' heavy weapons expert and Jacobs only true friend. He was a six foot nine overly muscular black man hailing from Harlem. He was the only black man in the group which suited him just fine, because, who else was gonna teach the honkies how to fight? Whenever something needed blowing up, they called on him. He could blast through almost anything. His ability earned him the name "Juggernaut", which suited him just fine.

Simms grumbled something else and checked his MA5B. Simms was the best person to ever handle a rifle so he was the all around rifle man of the group. He could also serve as a medic in a pinch.

"What'd you say Simms?" Tucker asked.

"Why you always gotta give me a hard time man?" Simms asked.

"Cause I'm da Juggernaut bitch, that's why." Came the reply.

"Whatever." Simms mumbled again.

Tucker leaned in close to Jacobs, "Looks like we're leavin her again, huh?" he asked staring at the Arizona as it descended towards the planet.

Jacobs looked at it thoughtfully, "I don't know what your talking about, this was her maiden voyage, remember?" he glanced over at Tucker.

"Right, and we've never been on it before either," he said with a another grin, "I know the drill man, don't worry."

Jacobs nodded grimly, "Good, because I don't want to have to try and explain why we know so much about the Arizona."

"I still have nightmares about that mission, it was a scary one." Tucker shuddered.

"I know, me too man, me too."

They both fell silent, then, "Hang on everybody we hit dirt in five."

"Ok everybody lock and load, I don't wanna get caught with our pants down when we hit!" Corporal Morgan, the squads leader yelled.

Jacobs cast one last look at Tucker, "Remember, we've never seen the Arizona."

Tucker grinned, "And we've never met until now."

Captain Denaruis Phenix

December 10, 2550

Escape Pod 001-A en route to Planet

"Captain with all respect, I don't think we should be so quick to trust these new guys." Colonel Sullens said in a grave tone.

"Colonel, I know it is your job to protect me and my crew, but these new folks did save our asses."

Sullens checked his weapon, "I just don't like the situation we're in that's all."

"Understandable, I have faith in you and your Marines if we need to take military action against these new aliens."

"Yes
sir."

Second Lieutenant Lisa Pinelli

December 10, 2550

**UNSC Destroyer _Arizona_*

"Lisa come on! The ships are leaving!"

Lisa sprinted to the escape pod that was her way off the ship. As soon as she made it to the entrance, just in time for it to jettison away from the ship.

"Dammit!" she screamed, then she hatched an idea, she took off toward the _Arizona's_ hangars, and prayed she would make it in time.

Sorry bout the long wait, i had some personal stuff that had happened, plus ive been working alot so...thx to all the people who reviewed, and i know the chapters are short but im gonna try and update soon.

4. Chapter 4

Private First Class Romero Jacobs

December 10, 2550

Unknown Planet

The escape pod hit the ground hard, spraying dirt in a semi-circle around the pod. The impact killed most of the crew. The only two people left alive were Jacobs and Tucker. Jacobs grabbed his rifle, bent over to pick up his helmet, which had fallen off in the crash,

and stumbled outside.

Tucker on the other hand, had somehow managed to become unstrapped in the crash; he limped out of the pod, MA5B in hand, and hobbled over to Jacobs, who stared across the landscape.

"So, what do think?" he asked.

Jacobs continued to stare and didn't say anything.

"What the hell you lookin at man?"

Jacobs just pointed, and Tucker followed the finger and let out a low whistle. In the distance several were several large^{ish} structures. That was the only way Jacobs knew how to describe them. They were so tall that they reached into the clouds. He saw aircraft flying around the city, the flyers reminded him vaguely of Banshees, but with distinct differences.

Instead of being purple like the ones of the Covenant, they were a pearl white with gold symbols, had longer wings, and bigger plasma guns.

"Well," Jacobs said scratching his head, "lets go say hello to the locals."

Tucker winced as he rested his weight on both feet, "Shit, I hope they got a good hospital." And with that the two Marines made their way to the city.

Second Lieutenant Lisa Pinelli

December 10 2550

UNSC Destroyer **_Arizona**_

Lisa sprinted to the Pelican bay and prayed to God that it would still be intact. Fires were burning throughout the ship and Lisa questioned its integrity as it started to creak and groan as the stress of the atmosphere began to take its toll.

She saw a marker on the floor marked **Hanger **and followed it. She fell to the floor as another explosion rocked the ship. She got back up and started running and made her way into the hanger. Her Pelican dropship was still there, as if waiting her arrival.

She let out a shout of glee and jumped in the cockpit and buckled herself into the pilots seat. She then activated the holo screen and warmed up the after burners. The Pelican shuddered slightly as it lifted in the air.

Another explosion sent debris raining down on the drop ship and Lisa swore. A series of secondary explosions rippled through the hanger and Lisa saw the emergency doors were closed, blocking her way out of the ship. Lisa swore again and activated her missile pods. She targeted a section of the wall and fired. The missiles tore through the ships armor and a large ragged hole appeared that was just big enough for the dropship to fit through. Lisa punched the thrusters and the Pelican accelerated through the hole and out of the ship.

"Hell yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about!" Lisa yelled in triumph.

By this time the Arizona was already in the planet's atmosphere and the Pelican began to look like a falling meteor. Inside Lisa was sweating but she was happy. After her ship had entered the atmosphere she activated her scanners and hoped that there were some friendlies nearby.

Captain Denaruis Phenix

December 10, 2550

Unknown Planet

Phenix looked around for any other escape pods that might have landed near them. They landed without incident and, aside from a few minor bumps and sprains, the passengers of their pod were ok. Colonel Sullens was reviewing some plans with his Marines while Phenix and the rest of the bridge stood around waiting.

Suddenly a wailing noise grabbed their attention. Phenix looked up and saw a pearl white Banshee.

Sullens automatically raised his rifle but Phenix stopped him, "Hold your fire, they might be friendly."

Sullens shook his head, "Friendly my ass, that's a banshee!" but he held his fire regardless.

Two more Banshee's followed the first and behind them was what looked like a large dropship. All of the ships had strange gold symbols on them. The ships circled once then landed. The dropship's doors opened and out stepped seven Elites dressed in the most ornate battle armor Phenix had ever seen. After these came another Elite dressed in what looked like a religious robe complete with a pope style head dress.

He spread his arms welcomingly, "Welcome Captain, to our homeland."

A/N: I know its been a long **_*long*_ time since I've updated this story and I wasn't really sure if I was going to finish it. But I decided I would so here you go. I know its short but I'm hoping to crank out a few more updates now that thanksgiving break is a few days away.**

End
file.